

the laws of his country, up to the point where they conflict with the law of God, AND NO FURTHER.—*Buff. Com. Advertiser*, 10th.



## Thrilling Scene.

The Liberty Party Paper gives this account of a scene which occurred in the Anti-Fugitive law Convention at Syracuse:

We witnessed here one of the most thrilling and melting scenes we ever did witness. The Financial Committee reported that they must raise the enormous sum of \$19,000, and save the generous men, some of whom had obligated themselves to the noble Chaplin also from returning and giving his life to this murderers, as the means of saving those estates. The report was accepted, and the contributions were flowing in from the immense assembly to make the sum of \$1000, the amount assessed upon it. During this scene Chaplin sat by our side with his arm resting on the table, and his hand covering a part of his forehead and eyes, in a vain attempt to conceal the emotion of his swelling bosom. To one who knew him as well as we do, these emotions were apparent.

A voice from the extreme part of the house, called, "let us see Mr. Chaplin!" Loud and louder still came the call from the vast assembly. His feelings held him to his seat, and we took him by the arm, and led him. With a modesty and sensibility which such an occasion could only effect, and which for the moment seemed to choke his utterance, he stood before the great assembly but could not speak. Such a tempest of applause was soon raised as never before shook the City Hall. Long and continued the shout went up—men waving their hats and shouting, "God bless him!" "Glorious fellow!" "Chaplin for ever!" Hurrah, upon hurrah, rolled up the mites—not a particle of dust that had been deposited on the floor but floated in the air. Women, and youth, and men shouted and wept. We saw men and women whose limbs were stiff with age, and whose appearance testified that they were present to witness the conduct of their posterity on that great occasion. We saw them looking with swimming eyes upon the erect person and manly frame of the hero. We thought of those lines of Walter Scott—

"But woe betide a nation when  
She sees the tears of bearded men."

It was a scene that eclipsed any pageant that we ever read of. A congratulation that kings and conquerors might envy but not enjoy. We would rather merit the gush of popular gratitude and thankfulness that flowed upon our brother, than all the honor and empire that the conquerors of the earth ever attained.

When the applause had died away, General Chaplin said, if he thought the contributions were making for him, and no great principles were involved, he would accept them, and go back to a Maryland prison, and suffer and die as others suffer. He was willing to identify himself with the poor—imprisonment, said he, in a Maryland penitentiary, is a great but not the greatest calamity. He might die there, but in his opinion, also, there was a calamity greater, still, than death—it is the accusing, withering, killing consciousness that you have left the poor to perish, when they have stretched their hands to you for mercy and deliverance—but we can't report his speech.

A lady said to us, that the applause of that occasion seemed like an offering of hearts on the altar of freedom, and that a response was echoed from Heaven. We never witnessed a sublimer effect.

## Another Slave Case in Boston.

Some months ago a colored man left N. Carolina for the best reasons in the world. Though honest and innocent, he was obliged to steal his passage on a Northern vessel, which he did at the expense of no small suffering. When he arrived in this city he was taken into the employment of one of our large manufacturers, who is too much of a man to obey the blood-hound law. But a knowledge of his whereabouts got back to his former residence and an agent was sent on for him. This agent was hospitably entertained by the New York Castle Garden Committee of Safety, who furnished him with aid and comfort and a lawyer—one Spencer, as it is understood. This Spencer entered into the business with great zeal. He thought this a test case. Here was a responsible man harboring and concealing a fugitive in open violation of the law. To carry out the law in such a case would cement the Union like a thousand links of steel. The agent and his legal blood-hound came on to Boston. We published last Monday how their spies were lurking about a certain establishment. They crawled up into a place which overlooked it, and saw their victim.

Thus was every thing prepared for the execution of the law. The requisite warrant was, at the instance of lawyer Spencer, duly obtained and placed in the hands of Marshal Devens. The North Carolina agent was not to split on the rock which had been fatal to Hughes—he had good legal advice, and he proceeded legally and cautiously. But let Marshal Devens should temporize and hesitate as in the other case, it had been provided that he should have tools to go through the rougher part of the "disagreeable duty." Three ruffians, cast off constables or the like, with no character to lose, who boasted sufficiently of their "alacrity," were employed under large rewards to make the arrest. The warrant was placed in their hands, with orders endorsed—by whom we are not informed—to bring in the man, dead or alive! But they didn't do it. They reconnoitered abundantly, but made no attack.

We have it from a private source that after viewing deliberately the enemy's camp, their courage all oozed out at the ends of their fingers, and Marshal Devens not having any particular stomach to lay his life on the altar of this sort of patriotism, the New York Safety Committee's lawyer retired in disgust, cursing the Boston blood-hounds for their want of pluck. They would give their money he said, but not one atom of personal assistance.

Thus has ended, for the present at least, the second Boston slave case. One of our prominent citizens has proclaimed his determination to violate the infernal, diabolical and unconstitutional law. He is known to be doing so. Here is a test case. The mighty Union "Committee of Safety" puts its Herculean shoulder to the wheel. But it is no go. Thank God, though Eliot and Webster have turned traitors, Massachusetts has not yet disgraced herself by succumbing to the pirate law. The stain of betraying a trembling fugitive from unrighteous bondage, under the new edict of tyranny, is not yet on

her soul. She can still meet with honor the Turkish Sultan and congratulate him on his noble conduct towards Fossah.

We cannot but commend the prudence of the Boston officers in these cases. Their barometers show pretty truly the pressure of the Spirit of Liberty in this city. They apprehended that the moment they undertake to serve one of these infernal warrants, they will be subjects for hospital practice in gunshot wounds. And we have little doubt that they would be, in some cases—while in others they would pass into the immediate custody of the Coroner.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

## The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

WHEN GOD COMMANDS TO TAKE THE TRUMPET AND BLOW A DOLOUS OR A JARRING BLAST, IT LIES NOT IN MAN'S WILL WHAT HE SHALL SAY OR WHAT HE SHALL CONCEAL.—*Milton.*

SALEM, OHIO, FEBRUARY 8, 1851.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE meets March 24.

## Sunday Meetings.

The fourth of the series of Sunday Meetings will be held at the Town Hall to-morrow at 3 o'clock, P. M. The discourse will be delivered by MARIA B. GARRIGUE, and we need not assure those who know her that it will be richly worth hearing.

—Mr. Dickinson of Hanover, who was expected to speak to-morrow, but was excused at his own request, will deliver a Discourse next Sunday week, Feb. 10th.

PLEDGES.—We would remind those friends of the cause who have made pledges to the Western Anti-Slavery Society that our treasury needs replenishing. Where it can be done without too great inconvenience, we hope they will redeem their pledges immediately, that the Executive Committee may be saved from embarrassment.

SUBSCRIBERS.—The condition of the Society's treasury renders it exceedingly desirable that those who are in arrears for The Bugle should make haste to pay. Reader! if thou hast not yet paid thy subscription, do so at once, if possible. Those persons by whose toil the paper is issued all need their pay, but how are they to get it if you withhold what you owe?

MARIUS R. ROBINSON has accepted an appointment as Agent of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, and will serve the cause as a lecturer so far as the somewhat delicate state of his health will permit. We make this announcement with a hearty satisfaction which we know will be shared by all the friends of the Society and the cause who know his ability and worth. Thoroughly informed in regard to the history of the anti-slavery movement, familiar with its principles, and devoted heart and soul to its promotion, he is at the same time a most acceptable and effective speaker. He will commence his labors soon in Georgia County, and, without embarrassing himself by a long list of appointments beforehand, will hold meetings as way may open and his health permit. C. S. S. Griffing will co-operate with him, with special reference to the collection of funds and obtaining subscribers for The Bugle. In the present receptive state of the public mind we anticipate for these friends a good degree of success.

DOUGLASS'S LECTURE.—Frederick Douglass, as we have already informed our readers, is delivering in Rochester, N. Y., a course of weekly Anti-Slavery Lectures, which, after their delivery, are promptly inserted in the North Star. We need not say that they are able and eloquent, for they could not be otherwise coming from the lips of so gifted a speaker; but they possess one other merit which prompts the wish that they may be published in a pamphlet and widely disseminated: they deal in a familiar and attractive way with the elementary principles of the cause, and are admirably adapted to enlighten the minds of honest inquirers and move their consciences and hearts to co-operate in the great struggle with the powers of despotism.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Robert Rantoul, Wilnot Proviso Democrat, has been elected to the U. S. Senate, by the 'coalition,' to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Daniel Webster. The seat has been filled by the supply tool of the Boston cottonocracy, Robert C. Winthrop, under an appointment from the Governor. He is now fairly ousted from the place in which he has so disgracefully misrepresented the sentiments of the Old Bay State. The Boston Commonwealth regards the election of Sumner for the long term as certain, but we have our fears that it is doomed to disappointment. Yesterday (Friday) was the day of trial.

The publisher of the *National A. S. Standard* will please credit Lewis Morgan, Marlboro, Stark Co., O., \$4.50, stop paper at close of term paid for, and charge the Editor of The Bugle. Also please credit Jonathan Davis of Berlin, Mahoning Co., \$3.00 and charge the same.

GEORGE THOMPSON has been seriously ill, but at the last advices had so far recovered as to be able to attend an Anti-Slavery Convention. We still hope to see him at the West before he crosses the big pond.

AMISTAD CASE.—The slaveholders are making a desperate effort to procure the payment by Congress of the Spanish claims for the negroes of the Amistad. The Senate, after strenuous opposition by Mr. Hale, adopted a resolution of inquiry, Henry Clay voting with the majority. Mr. Hale said with truth that the Spanish claimants ought to be thankful that they were not hanged as pirates.

NEW MEXICO.—There is now said to be serious danger of the introduction of slavery into this territory, in spite of that law of God which Mr. Webster thought it so unnecessary to re-enact. A considerable number of slaves have in fact been already introduced.

## 'Modern Infidelity.'

The reader will find, under this head, on the First Page, an article of a remarkably truthful and suggestive character, copied from the organ of the Free (Anti-Slavery) Presbyterian Church, a body composed of men who, to clear their skirts of the blood of the oppressed, have been constrained to 'come out' from the old Presbyterian organizations of the country, though agreeing with them in their theological views, and to add another to the numerous sects into which the Protestant world is divided. It is rare that we find an Orthodox clergyman speaking so plainly and fearlessly of the terrible guilt of the Church in lending her support to popular iniquity, and at the same time so candidly and fairly of those reformers whose religious views he conscientiously regards as unsound and perhaps dangerous. There is nothing more beautiful in our eyes than that enlarged, magnanimous and enlightened charity, which lifts the soul of a man above the narrowness and bigotry of partisan or sectarian warfare, and makes him willing to recognize and do homage to the Christian Spirit, under whatever forms, or in the midst of whatever incidental errors, it may be manifested. The Editor of the Free Presbyterian is not less ardently devoted to the opinions usually known as Orthodox than he was while a member of the old Church; probably not one of his old associates regrets more deeply than he does the wide departure of so many Reformers from the faith in which they were educated; and yet, when speaking of those Reformers, he has the courage to do justice to their motives—he scorns the language of detraction and falsehood—he meets the issues between them and himself in a manly and generous spirit. For this we thank him from the bottom of our hearts, and we say unhesitatingly that such a man will do more to commend Orthodoxy to the respect of intelligent and earnest minds than a whole regiment of ordinary preachers whose voices go to swell the popular clamor against Reformers, while they are never heard in denunciation of popular iniquity.

The official relation of The Bugle to the Anti-Slavery Cause precludes the formal discussion in its columns of theological questions, though it is impossible to avoid frequent allusions to such topics, connected as they necessarily must be, to a certain extent, with a movement which derives its vital force from the Religious Element in man's nature and makes its appeal so directly to the conscience and the heart. Abolitionists of the school to which we belong have their religious views, but however anxious they may be to defend and promulgate them, they cannot do so upon the Anti-Slavery platform nor in papers owned by Anti-Slavery Societies. This consideration alone prevents us from offering remarks, suggested by the article from the *Free Presbyterian*, on the question of Plenary Inspiration. We can only say, that upon that and all other subjects pertaining to theology, we shall always be glad to listen to the opinions and counsels of men who address us in the spirit which pervades that article. There is not in the land a body of people whom the Religious Element is more active than it is among those who are invidiously called 'Comeouters,' and whom the popular Church denounces as infidels. Their creed may be very erroneous—of that we say nothing—but unless the Apostle James made a prodigious mistake in his description of true religion, they are among the small number who may lay claim to the Christian name.

It is not the business of Abolitionists, as such, to determine the true interpretation of the Bible, or settle the question of its infallible inspiration. It is due to truth to say, however, that on this subject they are greatly divided in opinion; but in acting together for the redemption of the slave they do not make themselves responsible for each other's views upon this or any other foreign question. Planting themselves upon "THE INNATE SENSE OF RIGHT, which," in the language of the *Free Presbyterian*, "God has implanted in every man's soul," they affirm the sinfulness of Slavery and the duty of Emancipation, leaving every man to determine for himself how far the Bible coincides with the revelation thus written in the heart.—This it seems to us is alike the dictate of common sense and the philosophy of Reform. If a belief in the infallible inspiration of the Bible were sufficient to make men the enemies of slavery, there would be little need of Anti-Slavery Societies, for nearly the whole Protestant world would in that case be abolitionists. In no part of the country does the Church cling more tenaciously to the popular doctrine of inspiration than in the South, and yet see how she is steeped in the blood of the slave! Why then should Abolitionists turn aside from their appropriate work to discuss that complicated subject? It is enough for them to say, as the Editor of the *Free Presbyterian* has said, that if the book sanctions slavery, then it is not from Above but from Beneath; and having done this, to leave the question to those whose peculiar province it is to discuss and settle it.

LEGISLATURE.—The resolutions on the subject of the Fugitive law have produced a good deal of excitement in both Houses.—Gen. Randall made an able speech in opposition to the law in the Senate, and Howard of Clermont and Bull of Ashland spoke on the other side. The latter, in replying to a remark of Gen. Randall that the colored man, like the white, was created in the image of God, said: "If God has woolly hair, thick lips and long heels, like a nigger, he is a very ugly animal." Truly the Senator is a fit supporter of the cause he has espoused. Walker of Montgomery, a Whig, made a speech full of noble sentiments and glorious truths. He vindicated the right of the slave to run away, and even went so far as to advise him to slay his master if feasible. Lin-ton, pro-slavery Whig from Corwin's District, spoke an hour on the other side.

## From Marius R. Robinson.

BREDA, Jan. 15, 1851.

DEAR OLIVER: Since I left home on the 27th ult., I have attended meetings almost daily. During the first week I found that the holidays, which were being celebrated by balls, oyster-suppers, and attempts at revivals, presented some obstacles to my success. My first meeting was in Mogadore, in the Methodist church. Audience large and apparently interested. On motion of Preacher Moss, of the Disciple church, it was unanimously resolved, that "we will disobey the fugitive slave law, also that we will treat with APPROPRIATE respect and civility any man among us who will accept the office of Commissioner." Had meetings in Westfield, Harrisville, and Sullivan.—At Troy no meeting—no notice having been given. I found that the man to whom I had been directed as the representative abolitionist, was absent—that he was a Reverend, and a grog seller. After some bar-room lecturing, amidst the tobacco and whiskey fumes of his customers, I proceeded to Fitchville, Haron Co.—The Methodists were here in a state of revival—trying to be—which greatly reduced the number of my audience; yet I was told it was composed principally of the intellect and influence of the place. Fitchville, like many other places in this region, has much of anti-slavery feeling, though its direction has been exclusively under the old dispensation of Church and State. I doubt not that some faithful preaching of the gospel would induce them to abandon the ritual of the Old for the life and spirit of the New. At Clarkesfield, although I could hear of no avowed disunionists, yet at the close of my address a venerable man, a minister in the Methodist Church, made a short address, approving the position I had taken in regard to the Constitution and the Government, and avowing himself a disunionist. But I cannot particularize.

I see everywhere beginning to be felt the influence of Fillmore, Cass, Clay and Co., to silence discussion and quiet agitation. True, in most places I have visited it may be said there is no fugitive slave law. The people have repealed it, yet those who have been accustomed to control the people, by party influences are beginning to whisper, "it is law—true it is wicked—unjust—outrageous—but it is law, and must be obeyed until it is repealed." And as supporters of the government they are certainly consistent. For, to sustain the Constitution, and yet repudiate the law, reminds one of those who, while they swallowed camels strained at gnats. But these counsellors of submission to wickedness and injustice—the Fillmores, Casses, Rev. Drs., Professors, and pious Editors of religious newspapers, are troubled with a "straining"—their throats, which are "open sepulchres," swallow with equal ease gnat and camel—law and Constitution. Whether these men will be successful in cultivating the like facility in others remains to be seen. I fear they will. This nation has evinced an astonishing facility for swallowing; as is apparent from the monstrous and irrational dogmas they have been accustomed to receive without question from the political and religious priesthood.

There are, however, favorable indications. A great point is gained by the position politicians have been compelled to assume. Henry Clay has given us the true alternative. To be sure it was falsehood and fanaticism when presented by abolitionists; but now that it has received this important endorsement, may we not hope it will be transmitted to truth and soberness? He says, "The question before the nation (it would be folly to attempt to blind or disguise it), is, whether agitation against slavery shall put down the Union, or the Union be preserved and the agitation kept down. There is no alternative." Very many of the people are beginning to believe him; and I have not failed to strengthen, according to my ability, their new faith in this most orthodox opinion.—Many of the old anti-slavery men, who in the outset of the enterprise bore their full share of the conflict, who were beguiled by their attachment to their churches & deceived by the fiction that the Constitution was anti-slavery, are now doubting and yielding. They feel that after all the outrages of the Government for the support of slavery—after all its diplomacy, legislation and judicial action,—with the Constitution in existence which has, (ostensibly at least) authorized it all—with the old law of '93 in full force, it would be an excess of modesty altogether unbecoming, to humbly present petitions for the repeal of the law of last September.—Petitions which are to be as effective as though they were presented by our Southern brethren of the plantation. They see that voting, so far as legislation is concerned, has been ineffectual and must continue to be so. That there can be no alteration in the Constitution, as it is impossible to obtain the consent of two-thirds of the States to any anti-slavery amendments. In short that in their present Union with the slave power they are bound hand and foot, and have no alternative but a dissolution of the compact, a repudiation of the compromises, whether recent or remote. Many of them indeed know not what to do. Attachment to the Union, veneration for the Constitution and the fathers, fear of the odium of traitors, and with many the still greater fear of association with comeouters and infidels, on the one hand, and the convictions of their judgment and conscience on the other, greatly bewilder and perplex them. But there is hope. Time and circumstances will emancipate them. If the slave power will but perfect and press their proposition for a Union party for the support of the system, they will concentrate and combine the abolition of the nation, and force the North in self-defence to withdraw from this slaveholding Union, and establish a Free Confederacy. God speed the time! Your brother.

M. R. ROBINSON.

CONGRESS has done nothing of any great importance the past week.

The following letter came a day too late for our last.—*Ed. Bugle:*

## Cincinnati Correspondence.

Western Arts Union Drawings—Spiritual Knockings—Constitutional Convention—Hon. J. P. Hale in Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 23, 1851.

To the Editor of The Bugle: The annual distribution of prizes in the Western Arts Union took place on the evening of the 20th. Among the prizes was Powers's statue of the GREEK SLAVE. It was hoped that this would fall to the lot of a Cincinnati, but to the general disappointment, it was drawn by Mr. J. D'Arcy of New Orleans. The second prize in value was the painting by Ratherr of "Cromwell and Hitch in Ely Cathedral," drawn by Mr. H. H. Goodman of this City.

From the Report of the Art Union for the past year it appears that the number of subscribers was 4,754. The amount of money received (\$5 for each subscriber,) was \$23,670. Amount paid for Paintings and works of Art for distribution was \$17,720. The number of prizes distributed was 450. Besides the Greek Slave, there were 110 paintings, and 300 copies of the "Alston Outlines." I learn that from two-thirds to three-fourths of the subscribers to the Union the past year have been non-residents of Cincinnati. There are a number in all the principal Eastern cities, and in every State from Maine to Texas. A very considerable number are from the towns in the interior of our own and other Western States—a gratifying evidence of the extending reputation of this institution and its influence in encouraging a taste for the Fine Arts among our countrymen.

The "mysterious rappings," "spiritual manifestations," &c., have been making no small stir in our community for some months past.—We have had a number of lectures on these subjects, which, in despite of the ridicule or opposition of skeptics, have been well attended, and the interest seems to be on the increase.—

Mrs. Bushnell, the celebrated Clairvoyant, gives a course of three lectures this week; Dr. Buchanan another, on the Science of Man, comprehending all these points; a discussion in which speakers for and against participate takes place on Sunday evenings, which is numerously attended, and Mr. Stuart of the Swedenborgian faith has given a course, embracing these topics, in which I observe he makes every thing bear in favor of the peculiar spiritual views of his Church, and takes care to urge the illumination of its founder, the renowned Baron Swedenborg. The promised book by Cogswell, of the Daily Times, giving in detail accounts of the wonderful manifestations in this vicinity will soon make its appearance, so that if writing and talking can throw any light upon the minds of the un-initiated, we shall be in a fair way to get it. Without expressing any opinion as to the various theories stated to account for these new and strange revelations, it may be remarked that they are worthy of examination and record as an exhibition of the spirit of investigation and inquiry into regions as yet but little explored, which characterizes this age of free discussion. These things are not to be put down by the ridicule or affected contempt of the would-be wise and orthodox teachers of the day. There may be some errors and extravagances embraced by some of those who are zealous in defending these new doctrines, but fair and thorough investigation and a willingness to accept its established results cannot but lead to new discoveries of truth.

The Constitutional Convention is proceeding with its business with reasonable rapidity. It is true there is much time apparently wasted in speaking, and a number of members who are almost always on the floor and seem to love to hear themselves talk—but it is well, in making a Constitution for two millions and more of freemen, to proceed with caution and to do nothing with undue haste. There seems to be a disposition among the members to sift every proposition thoroughly, and amendments of all kinds are offered corresponding with the various party views and classes of opinion in the Convention. A vote was taken lately on a proposition to give the General Assembly power to repeal or revoke "on just and equitable terms," the charters of incorporated companies, such as Banks, Insurance Companies, and Railroads. This was thought by some a test question between the parties, all the Whigs and eleven Democrats voting in the negative, the section was lost. The Enquirer, the Democratic organ here, is indignant at what it terms the treachery of the eleven to the principles of the party, and exclaims, "God help such Democracy." Judge Vance of "old Butler," owing to the clamor made by his constituents, on hearing of his vote with the eleven, has resigned his seat, and Governor Wood has fixed upon the 27th, for an election. Mr. Vance is again a candidate, and as the Whigs will give him their votes, having no candidate of their own, this with a considerable portion of his own party will probably secure his re-election. If so, it will be viewed as a triumph by those of both parties opposed to the course of the "destructives."

Among the changes agreed upon in the Constitution is one fixing once in two years as the time the Legislature is to meet; one creating the office of Lieutenant Governor; and one providing for the election of Judges of the Supreme Court by the people. These were voted for by members of all parties. The subject of exempting Churches, and Benevolent Institutions from taxation has been much discussed, and will receive a more extended notice in my next letter.

Intended, long before this time, to have sent your readers some account of the reception of the Hon. John P. Hale, in our city and his public addresses while among us, but the festivities of the Christmas holidays and a multiplicity of engagements since have caused me to neglect it. A brief reference in one of your late numbers to his lecture before the Library, which was erroneous in some particulars, leads me to

think that a brief account of Hale's visit here would not even now be out of place. The old proverb of "better late than never," will perhaps apply here, with more appropriateness than it usually does.

Mr. Hale's visit to Cincinnati was made by invitation of the New England Society to deliver the Oration at their annual celebration of Pilgrim's day, 22nd of December. The Directors of the Young Men's Mercantile Library hearing of his acceptance, invited him to give one in their Winter course of lectures, and a number of his political friends, in testimony of their respect for his services in Congress, gave him a tea-party to afford an opportunity to our citizens generally to become acquainted with him. All these occasions passed off pleasantly, Mr. Hale making decidedly a good impression upon the minds of all who listened to him, and being highly gratified at the cordial reception given him, and the many evidences of our prosperity which met his eye on every side during his sojourn among us.

Mr. Hale's Pilgrim Oration was one of the very best we have had here. It was an able and interesting review of the rise and progress of Puritanism from the times of Wickliffe, and of the great principles which lay at the foundation of the enterprise of commencing a new colony on these Western shores. His historical sketches were finely drawn, and the lessons *scathed* in our own times to be learned from the subject, very happily enforced. It was listened to with close attention by a crowded audience, among whom were the members of the Constitutional Convention which had adjourned for the purpose of attending the ceremonies.

The festival was attended in the evening by nearly four hundred persons, about one-fourth ladies, of all parties and shades of opinion. A rarer assemblage of intelligence and moral worth, for the number present, never met in the city. Mr. Hale declined making a formal speech, and in a few humorous remarks said he came not to discuss politics but to become acquainted with the ladies of Cincinnati; and the evening was spent in introducing him to the company individually, and exchanging congratulations. The whole was closed with a beautiful supper, and the company separated in good humor, all pleased with having had an opportunity of taking by the hand and welcoming to the city one who commands the admiration of every generous minded lover of true liberty.

My notice of the Library lecture must be deferred until my next letter, (which will be a week hence,) as I make it a point never to neglect long articles upon your readers.

Yours,

CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.—The only thing in the proceedings of this body worthy of note the present week is the report of the Committee to whom was referred the petitions on the subject of temperance. The Committee proposes to insert in the Constitution the following provision:

"The General Assembly shall not license the traffic in intoxicating liquors, nor, by law, provide against the evils resulting therefrom."

We can hardly hope that this proposition will be adopted by the Convention, but it may be.

LIBERATOR FESTIVAL.—A brief notice of the Soiree held in Boston on the completion of the second decade since the commencement of *The Liberator* will be found on the First Page. Nearly two pages of the last number of the *Liberator* are occupied with the speeches and proceedings, which are all of the deepest interest. We shall give extracts next week.

MASSACHUSETTS A. S. SOCIETY.—The Annual Meeting of the old Pioneer Society was held in Boston on the 22d, 23d, and 24th ult. Great disappointment was felt on account of the absence of George Thompson, who was too ill to be present. Notwithstanding this, however, according to the Boston correspondent of the *Standard*, our friends had good speaking enough to set up half a dozen political or religious assemblies. No doubt of it.

CHARLES T. JAMES, (DEM.) has been elected U. S. Senator from Rhode Island, by a coalition between his own party and a portion of the Whigs. The party screws are getting very loose.

NO SENATOR.—Ten ballots have taken place in the Ohio Legislature for U. S. Senator without a choice. On the last ballot the vote stood—Griswold (Whig) 42; Payne (Dem.) 39; Giddings 10. The highest vote obtained by Giddings at any time was 14. Griswold in one instance had 48, and Payne once had 44.

WRITING SCHOOL.—We learn with pleasure that Mr. Lusk's second class is very large. There is but one opinion here as to his qualifications as a teacher and his character as a man. During his brief residence among us he has secured the respect of all who have made his acquaintance.

A CHIVALROUS NEGRO VIRGINIAN.—A warrant was served on Simon Waterman, of this place, charging him with selling a pistol to a negro slave, the property of John Smith, Esq. The negro, it seems, had bought it to stiffen his courage in a quarrel in which he was engaged. The trial was had before Justices Helm and White. Mr. Waterman was fined \$20, and required to give bond in the penalty of \$1,000 for his good behavior in future. We understand that he has appealed.—*Warrenton Flag of '92.*

## Agents for The Bugle.

The following named persons are requested and authorized to act as agents for The Bugle in their respective localities. Chas. Douglass, Berea, Cuyahoga county, Ohio. Timothy Woodworth, Litchfield, Medina co., O. Wm. Payne, Richfield, Summit co., Ohio.

## Notes for

Immediate relief instructed field of Anti-slavery and set my hope distant theatre a week at Michigan expected to meet Baptist Ministers had been in the pasturing on the Patriarchal interest divine sanctity were high institution and the right peace measure professed his any of the age was however of myself and he had departed fellow, he is a some vile purporting professing he surprised a holder—one of mapping, &c.

We commenced Church, Wednesday and neighborly. This was the first ever held in it was the prejudice taught by us. attended, grow last. In fact the time to begin.

There is a movement in the Liberty party the meetings a honest earnestness aiming the diffusing their way they were made some of the we understand us. T. drest measures old honest policy no hope save in falling back on ground of moral of the true friend party is every who I trust soon, very healed, and the duty firmly united. In discussion. I in Wesleyan brethren evil and good repudiated friendship for church, or rather for all this they are pardoned if I see who appears fully—Brother Swain, who united with a pure desire to do his fellow men. In the sort who use indifference to the ear to enable him dom. He is home with us entirely, clear. He now fully takes part in all of church meetings and murmuring to Wesleyan friends, ed with credit, and sioned to their share and myself staid home of Robert minded friends of by true kindness as them. Jarvis has Virginia for circuit has a brother here true man. But I sons, and say that all were indeed of Some evenings we time, friend Treas other. Ten dollars Society to pay the We came on to a Meeting on Saturday published W Michigan.

The Oberlin an awfully solemn the 'Rappings.' I as those of the tended that fanning trivance, and can they audaciously his hands by artist Editor's mode of venient sort, requiring knowledge of the ing full scope for If he had lived would have found welcome task to p a most audacious earth turned on its declared that it 'The Happings' cheat. On that subject if anything sh could convince us would be such not gelist employs in tion as we love the feel disgusted with always mouthing solemn stupidities and going into fige theology are shake then.



## Notes from the Lecturing Field.

Immediately after 'The Fair,' having received instructions to repair to Michigan as the field of Anti-Slavery labor, I returned home and set my house in order, and started for that distant theatre of action. On my way I spent a week at Middlefield, in Geauga Co., where I expected to meet a man who professes to be a Baptist Minister from Georgia. This person had been in this neighborhood for some time extolling the glories and blessings of the Patriarchal institution, claiming for it the highest divine sanction, and showing that abolitionists were fighting against God by opposing his institution. He also, of course, maintained the righteous character of that prince of 'peace measures,' the Fugitive bill, and often professed his readiness to enter the lists with any of the agents of the abolition Societies. I was however disappointed, for upon the arrival of myself and Joseph Treat, whom I met here, he had departed. From what I can hear of this fellow, he is a rather shrewd Yankee, who for some vile purpose is prowling through the country professing to be a minister. I should not be surprised if it turns out that he is a slaveholder—one of a gang whose business is kidnapping, &c.

We commenced our meetings in the Episcopal Church, (the first I ever spoke in,) on Wednesday evening, and held in that place and neighborhood ten or a dozen meetings.—This was the first series of anti-slavery meetings ever held in that part of the town, and great was the prejudice against the views held and taught by us. The entire meetings were well attended, growing in interest and power to the last. In fact it seemed that the close was just the time to begin.

There is a vast amount of Free Soil sentiment in the town, and considerable of the old Liberty party anti-slavery. These attended the meetings and entered into them with an honest earnestness, freely and thoroughly examining the differences between us, acknowledging their wrongs and our rights whenever they were made manifest. I feel persuaded if some of the very best are not with us heart and hand, it will be because they do not understand us. The Fugitive bill and other kindred measures have done much to convince the old honest political abolitionists that there is no hope save in a dissolution of the Union.—They are sick of political demagoguism, and are falling back on the old, firm, all-conquering ground of moral suasion. This drawing near of the true friends of the slave in the Free Soil party is every where more or less manifest, and I trust soon, very soon, to see the old breach healed, and the entire anti-slavery of the country firmly united to demand Emancipation or Disunion. I met with a number of my old Wesleyan brethren in this town also, who amid evil and good report have retained their personal friendship for me. They still cling to the church, or rather the church clings to them, but for all this they are true to humanity. I shall be pardoned if I mention one among the many, who appears fully devoted to the slave's cause.—Brother Swain. He was one of the first who united with the Wesleyan movement from a pure desire to clear his skirts of the blood of his fellow men. He is deeply religious—not of the sort who use religion as an excuse for their indifference to the race, but as a means, the better to enable him to subserve the cause of freedom. He is honest as the angels, and will be with us entirely, the moment he sees his way clear. He now welcomes us to his home, cheerfully takes part in meetings, (even to the neglect of church meetings,) and contributes without murmuring to the cause. There are other Wesleyan friends that might also be mentioned with credit, and some who might be mentioned to their shame, and I forbear. J. Treat and myself staid the whole of the time at the home of Robert and Julia Porter, true noble minded friends of the slave, who made our stay by true kindness and love, a paradise. God bless them. Jarvis Bacon, who was lately tried in Virginia for circulating incendiary documents, has a brother here, a full grown Comeouter, a true man. But I must stop enumerating persons, and say that the meetings by the aid of all were indeed of a most cheering character.—Some evenings we had two meetings at the same time, friend Treat attending one, myself the other. Ten dollars was paid for the Western Society to pay the expenses of the lecturers.—We came on to the Rocky River Quarterly Meeting on Saturday, an account of which will be published. We are now fairly en route for Michigan.

Yours, W.

The Oberlin Evangelist has come out with an awfully solemn and sepulchral article against the 'Rappings.' Its arguments are as profound as those of the Old Scotch Divines, who contended that fanning-mills were an infidel contrivance, and contrary to Scripture, because they audaciously took the work of God out of his hands by artificially 'raising the wind.' The Editor's mode of reasoning is of the most convenient sort, requiring only a very meagre knowledge of the facts in the case, and allowing full scope for blind assumption and bigotry. If he had lived in the days of Galileo, he would have found it an easy and doubtless a welcome task to prove that that philosopher was a most audacious infidel, for asserting that the earth turned on its axis, when the Bible plainly declared that it 'stood on its foundations'!

The Rappings may be a humbug and a cheat. On that subject we express no opinion; but if anything short of positive demonstration would convince us that they are a reality, it would be such nonsense and cant as the Evangelist employs in opposing them. In proportion as we love the religion of Christ do we feel disgusted with that morbid piety which is always mouthing sacred words, interposing its solemn stupidities in the path of every reform, and going into ecstasies whenever the dry leaves of theology are shaken by the wind of free discussion.

## EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

Lord Brougham, it is confidently affirmed, is coming to the United States in the Spring.

J. Bayard, Democrat, has been elected U. S. Senator from Delaware.

The First Presbyterian Church of Chicago has adopted resolutions denouncing the Fugitive Law.

J. B. Gough, the celebrated Temperance lecturer, is at present in Pittsburgh, laboring in his vocation.

D. S. KAUFMAN, Member of Congress from Texas, died suddenly at Washington on the 1st inst.

Brown and Williams, for the murder of Mr. Hewett, near Peoria, Illinois, were executed on the 15th of January.

The freedom of the fugitive slave Bennett at Philadelphia, whose case is alluded to on the First Page, was purchased not for \$350, but for \$700.

Gen. Sam. Houston, 'hero of San Jacinto' and Senator from Texas, is advertised to make a Temperance Speech in New York on the 21th inst.

Dr. PECK, a colored physician, is lecturing and experimenting at Portland, on 'the new and truly wonderful science of Electrical Psychology.'

The report that the Protestant Chapel at Rome had been closed by an order from the Government proves unfounded. The Propaganda tried to do it, but the Pope wouldn't let them.

The steamer Atlantic had not been heard from at our last advices from New York. She has been out nearly 40 days, and there is too much reason to fear that she has shared the fate of the 'President.'

The ship Emily, with some 100 passengers, bound from San Francisco to Panama, is reported as lost, and all the passengers drowned except two. The passengers are mostly from the Western States.

Abby Hutchinson, (wife of Ludlow Patton) of the 'Hutchinson Family,' is no longer associated with her brothers in their public concerns, but has taken up her residence in New York.

O. S. Fowler lately addressed the convicts of the Ohio Penitentiary, and afterwards examined the phenological developments of some of the more prominent of their number. His address produced a happy effect.

The Columbus correspondent of the True Democrat speaks in very high terms of Col. Dewey, the warden of the Penitentiary. He governs the prisoners almost exclusively by moral influence, and secures their respect and obedience by kindness.

Chancellor Walworth, of New York, a prominent officer of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, is out in favor of the Fugitive Law. He's a pretty fair specimen of the sort of piety which that pharisaical body represents and with which it is seeking to curse the heathen.

The Legislature of Virginia has presented a very valuable gold medal to Gen. Scott as a tribute for his military services. The time for bestowing medals upon the heroes of the world's moral battle-fields has not yet arrived. It is coming, however.

The recent discussions in the French Assembly on the proposed augmentation of the army by 40,000 men, on account of the condition of Germany, was signified by a generous effort on the part of M. Franchisque Bouvet to obtain a recognition of the principles of the Peace Society.

A bill is now pending in the Iowa Legislature, having been acted upon favorably, to provide for the removal of all free persons of color, emancipated in other States, and hereafter settling in that, but providing that those already there may remain, subject to the present law upon the subject, and disqualifying them from acquiring any additional real estate.

N. S. Wheaton, of Hartford, Ct., a D. D. of the Episcopal order, is out in a sermon in favor of the Slave-catching bill, founded on Paul's epistle to Philemon. After attempting to throw over the hideous institution the mantle of Christianity, he naively says, "that it was forced upon our brethren at the South in their then condition of colonies, by the mother country, in the days of her moral darkness." Then the Bible sanctions an institution which could only be introduced in "the days of moral darkness." If the blind lead the blind, shall not both fall into the ditch?

'The Union Safety Committee' of New York, whose members feed a lawyer to talk away the liberty of Henry Long, have put forth an address in which they propose to celebrate the birth-day of Washington! Could anything be more impudent? The proposition is almost enough to cause the mouldering bones of the 'Father of his Country' to rattle a rebuke in the ears of those conspirators against the liberty which he sought to establish, and in behalf of which he uttered an impressive testimony by the emancipation of his slaves.

WILLIAM AND ELLEN CRAFT, the well-known fugitives from Georgia—the same that Knight and Hughes failed to catch under the new law in Boston—have arrived safely in England. William told the story of his escape and that of his wife (the latter disguised as a man and the former acting as her servant) before a large audience in Edinburgh Dec. 30th. Wm. W. Brown writes to the North Star that his tale produced a great excitement in the Scotch Capital.

For The Bugle.  
America—A Parody.

My Country! 'tis for thee,  
Dark land of Slavery,  
For thee I moan;  
Land where the bound hath sighed,  
Though once the pilgrim's pride,  
Where every mountain's side  
Echoes his groan.

My native country! thee  
I would the world might see  
Sever thy chain;  
I would thy rocks and hills,  
Thy groves and temples fill,  
Were freed from slavery's ills,  
Washed from their stain.

Then would each gentle breeze  
That floats among thy trees,  
Bear freedom's song;  
Mortals their tongues should wake,  
And all that breathe partake,  
Rocks their long silence break,  
The sound prolong.

God of the wronged! on thee,  
Author of Liberty,  
On thee we call!  
Soon may our land be bright,  
Wakened from Slavery's night!  
Oh bring by thy great might  
Freedom to all. E. M. F.

## Anti-Fugitive Law Meetings.

BEALLSVILLE, Pa., Jan. 21, 1851.

The excitement on account of the Fugitive Law appears to increase very slowly in this vicinity. We have held two meetings on the subject in the neighborhood, the first two weeks ago last Seventh day evening, in the school house in our District. Considerable opposition to the law was manifested, but not sufficient, save with a few, to take any decided action in relation to it. Our last meeting was at Centerville on last Seventh day evening. A goodly number attended, but the object of their attendance seemed to be to prevent anything being done to bring the law into disrepute. A few milk-and-water resolutions, reiterating a portion of the Declaration of American Independence, and declaring that we could not actively carry out the provisions of the law, were offered and even passed, but without opposition. But when a preamble setting forth some of the outrages perpetrated by the South upon the people of the North, with a few resolutions expressive of what was thought by some to be our duty in relation to those outrages, and particularly the fugitive law, were introduced, it seemed as though the watch-dogs of slavery had been let loose. Should slavery need any aid in carrying its purposes into execution, it has only to call upon Pennsylvania Whigs, and its demands will be instantly obeyed. I do not know that all who advocated the law on that occasion were Whigs, but I know that its strongest advocate was of that party; and I do believe that it is impossible for any person, Whig or Democrat, to stoop lower than he did in his opposition to the advocates of freedom. His appeal was to the most degraded of the animal passions, and you may be assured that he succeeded in rousing them to action. Some of his friends, I have understood, as well as himself, had prepared themselves with something stronger than water to drink before going to the meeting, and indeed their actions betrayed it.—But I will copy the resolutions that called forth so much indignation from the allies of slaveholders. I will, however, omit the first one and the preamble. They have reference merely to the outrages perpetrated upon the persons and property of the North, and our duty in relation thereto.

Resolved, That all laws that would bind men to the commission of crime are null and void, and of no binding authority.

Resolved, That the Fugitive Slave Law is the very embodiment of crime, and as such is not binding on the people of the North.

Resolved, That we will not help to execute this unjust and tyrannical law by aiding the slaveholder to reclaim his human cattle, but that we will assist the flying fugitive to obtain his liberty, and thus do unto him as we would have others do unto us in like circumstances.

This last resolution seemed to be the special object of attack. As they construed it, it was a proposition to resist the law, and any man that would resist the laws of his country deserved no better fate than Benedict Arnold!—A few voted in favor of the resolutions; a number did not vote at all; the balance (I suppose more than one half the audience) voted against them.

I had forgotten to say that near the close of the meeting, when he knew he would encounter no opposition, a young priest came to the rescue of the law. Well, they may pursue their cruel and wicked plans a little longer, but the time may come when they will be willing to aid in removing the burden they have imposed upon the sable sons of Africa, lest in return it may be placed upon themselves.

CARVER TOMLINSON.

THE ABOLITION OF FLOGGING.—A correspondent of the New York Herald, dated from U. S. ship Germantown, Jan. 26, thus speaks of the working of the new law.

We have on board our ship a new crew, just starting on a cruise deemed most unhealthy. It seems to me we shall be especially distinguished as a test of the working of the new law. Although I have been among those who could see no other way of enforcing that discipline so essential to a ship of war, I must say that my mind has undergone a great change. I have served in four ships of war under the old flogging system; but never, during any part of that time, have seen so orderly, active, and cheerful a crew in either of them, as we have had during the six weeks we have been in commission. We have had no law-suits to be settled at the mainmast—no cursing and damning the men—no confusion; every man seems to do his duty cheerfully, because it is his duty, and the sooner it is done the sooner it is off the mind. Indeed, it is a matter of surprise to everybody that so good a state of discipline should have been attained in so short a period of time, and that, too, without the use of the cat or sol-

## Visit of Walker and Treat at Middlefield.

MIDDLEFIELD, Jan. 18th, '51.

MR. JOHNSON—I offer no other apology for this intrusion upon your notice, than the reasons that induce me to venture it. My object is to acquaint you, somewhat, with the progress of the "Human Rights" reform in this vicinity.

Much of the time during the past two weeks, has been devoted to Anti-Slavery discussion in this place, by those fearless, patient advocates of Reform, James W. Walker, and Joseph Treat.

Previous to these discussions, there existed here, a vast amount of prejudice against Disunionists in general, and Mr. Walker in particular. I will not claim that it is all destroyed, but it is certain that much, very much of it has disappeared, and he has secured numbers of ardent, affectionate friends. He so beautifully manifested the spirit of kindness, even in his denunciations of this blood-cemented Union—in his denunciations of this Democratic Government, based as it is upon the blighted hopes of brokenhearted millions; he spread with such grace, the mantle of charity around those from whom he tore the last fragment of covering beneath which they had sought to conceal their guilt, that none could deny the apparent sincerity and skill of the operator.

They (Walker and Treat) were obliged to commence with the first principles of the doctrine of Disunion, for few, comparatively, were acquainted even with them. They examined the relation sustained by the various political and ecclesiastical organizations to this soul-crushing Government—showed that by supporting it they were supporting the dehumanizing institution of American slavery—that it (slavery) has become so blended with all the Departments of State, that whoever acknowledges his allegiance to the one, admits, of necessity, his allegiance to the other—and also, that however pure, at its adoption, might have been their "glorious Constitution," their subsequent enactments had rendered it a polluted scroll.

The Whig and Democratic organizations chose to shelter themselves in their hiding places, and not a man of them dared venture forth in defence of his party against the terrible exposures.

The Free-soilers, however, could not relinquish the field thus compassed; for where are the men who have labored so zealously, who have sacrificed so abundantly as they to establish Freedom in that her banner might float in triumph over, their stolen territory? Did not those of them who were formerly Whigs and Democrats dissolve their connection with those parties? and did not the Liberty party repudiate its principles, and all uniting at the Buffalo Convention, "conquer their prejudices," and acknowledge as their standard-bearer the ever-changing Martin Van Buren? Was it not, therefore, positive meanness to accuse such men of assisting to extend that withering curse, if not over free territory, through countless ages? They evidently thought so, and were resolved to defend themselves against such base accusations; but all their efforts to do so were a failure, and they too were obliged to retreat.

Would not the prolonged shout of the three millions of our brethren in bonds, could they but know how truthful the souls, how unyielding the wills that have inscribed on their banner "No compromise with Slavery"—I ask, could they know this, would not their shouts strike terror to the very hearts of this Christian Republic?

"God, speed our cause!" and bless the efforts of our friends to hasten Revolution in Michigan! Yours for Equal Rights,  
JULIA GREENLEAF.

## Western New York Anti-Slavery Society.

The Seventh Annual Meeting of this Society was held at Rochester, Jan. 16th and 17th. Abby K. and Stephen S. Foster were present, and spoke with their usual enthusiasm and power. Stephen dealt very faithfully with Abolitionists of that region for their want of zeal and earnestness in the cause. Says the North Star:—

He declared that they had not exerted themselves as they ought to have done; that the fault was in them; and experience showed that where there were no agents in the field, there would be little interest in the cause. "Where no seed is sown," said he, "no harvest can be expected." It is impossible to keep up anti-slavery feeling in the community without agents. The tremendous influence of the clergy in this locality is constantly operating against the anti-slavery movement; and there are agents in the field, it is utterly impossible to keep up anti-slavery feeling. Mr. Foster referred to the decline of anti-slavery liberality in supporting agents, and in sustaining the anti-slavery press, and commended the example of the American Anti-Slavery Society, fourteen years ago, in sending out seventy agents. It was impossible to have prosperity where there was no investment. Men must give to the anti-slavery cause to become interested in the cause. "It takes much," he said, "to make a genuine abolitionist." He made reference to negative abolitionism; and pointed out the difference between talking and acting. We need to commence with self-examination among ourselves. As in the church they commence revivals with confessions, so we need to confess. We need a new baptism—a new consecration. Every abolitionist ought to feel as if his own dear friends were in slavery.—The plea that we are few in number, is no excuse. There are enough present, if but in earnest, to shake the land. Think of that one voice which issued forth from an obscure garret in the city of Boston, twenty years ago. That voice re-echoed through every valley of the South, and filled the nation with alarm, and caused a price of five thousand dollars to be offered for the head of W. L. Garrison. It is not so much what is said, as the manner in which we say it.—The people do not care for mere profession. Our actions, not our words, are the true test. We are not aware what we can accomplish, if we determine. The mere not voting, not joining a pro-slavery church, does not entitle

a man to the name of an abolitionist. The man who sees his neighbor's house on fire, and refrains from assisting to put it out on the plea that he did not set it on fire, nor make it burn, is just as culpable as the incendiary. For one, I am determined to be heard; and if the people will not come to me, I will go to them. "I start with the idea that this community shall be converted to anti-slavery," said Mr. Foster. "Some men will preach if men will hear; but I am a preacher who will preach whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear."

Subsequently, alluding to the torpidity reigning in Rochester, he said:—

Thunder and lightning alone can purify this atmosphere. Moral thunder is required to purify the public mind. He was persuaded that no ordinary appliance could answer the purpose. It was possible that even a moral earthquake would be necessary to awaken the people from their apathy. Had there been a crime committed in Rochester, the crime of murder, your city would have boiled with excitement. Now, all is calm and quiet. But is there no crime? no cause of alarm? He would sooner take his place with Prof. Webster in judgment than with the ministers of this city. He said, the abolitionists were on terms with murderers, and to be on such terms of intimacy was to be accessory to murder. He had always had the satisfaction to be called an odd man, a fanatic, because he had always regarded the terms of fellowship with pro-slavery people impossible for a Christian. He had been called an infidel. What is an infidel? One who disbelieves God—not faithful, faithless.—The American church is an infidel body. Mr. Foster here portrayed the abominations of the fugitive slave law, and the awful condition of the women in slavery. He regarded the people of Rochester to be guilty as those of South Carolina and Georgia, and he would arraign them on the charge of infidelity, and immorality, as much deserving a place in the State Prison, at Auburn, as the vilest prisoner ever sent there. He was a peace man, and he believed in the scripture that exhorted, "as far as in you lieth, if it be possible, live peaceably with all men." But his doctrine was, "first pure, then peaceable."—"We have no right," (said he,) "to be at peace with the ungodly. To be at peace with wicked men is to be recreant to Christianity."

## The Expunged Paragraph.

It was Bonaparte, we believe, who said that "from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step," and never was the truth of an aphorism more strikingly exhibited, than by the Governor of South Carolina, in his late message, and in the event which followed its delivery. Here is the sublime:

"Does History, upon a single page, record an instance of a nation ceasing its oppression from a returning sense of justice, or a feeling of mercy to the oppressed? Let the fate of dismembered Poland—or ruined Hungary, answer the question. Ay! read the history of a nation's forbearance in the conduct of England toward poor, suffering Ireland! Alas! the day of her successful resistance has been too long postponed! No voice of her patriot sons can be raised in her defence, which is not instantly drowned by the clamorous noise of British drums! No hand can be raised to strike a blow for her liberty, that is not instantly pierced by British bayonets."

Now for the ridiculous.

It happened that Mr. Geo. B. Mathew, the British Consul, was present when the message containing the above paragraph was read in the Legislature. He immediately opened a correspondence with his Excellency, protesting against such lampooning of his government. Now, this was interfering with the "domestic institutions" of South Carolina with a vengeance, and one which we should have supposed the chivalrous spirit of the redoubtable Governor would have fiercely resented. But no. Consul Mathew carries his point. The offensive paragraph, after having been read in the Legislature, and printed in the *Carolinian*, is stricken out, expunged, and is not to be found in any other paper in South Carolina! Its light would have been totally extinguished, had not the correspondent of the New York Evening Post cut it out of the *Carolinian*, and transmitted it to New York.

This is the man who blusters so loud about secession, and who asks for "a place in the picture near the flashing of the guns;" the same man who has frightened some of our northern men out of their propriety, lest he should blow up the Union; the man who sets the Government of the United States at defiance, and yet tamely permits a small functionary of Queen Victoria to interfere between him and the Legislature of the State over which he presides—an interference as insolent as it was unwarranted.

And what renders the affair the more so preposterously ridiculous, is the fact that the grandiloquent paragraph is a part of a bombastic gasconade against the General Government—an agonizing effort to screw up his courage to the sticking point; but how far he was short of that point is seen in his tame surrender to a small British agent, who was himself clearly in the wrong. What nonsense to suppose that such a fellow as that will fight! and in what a ridiculous light does it throw some of our northern people who are holding Union meetings, and applying the gag to themselves and to all others who will submit to it, in order to conciliate people who allow a British Consul to apply the gag to them!—Pitts. Gazette.

## New Steam Flouring Mill in Salem.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he has lately erected a New Steam Grist and Flouring Mill, in the East end of Salem, directly opposite E. Greiner's Hotel, and is now in full operation. He has employed an experienced Miller, and although not a miller himself, he will always be found somewhere there to see that customers are accommodated, in either Flouring Grist or Chopping, as they may desire, and hoping by strict attention and good work to receive a liberal share of their patronage. GEO. W. ALLISON.

Jan. 4, 1851.

## The Young Abolitionist!

OR Conversations on Slavery—By J. Elizabeth Jones. We have purchased the edition of this book and can supply such as may wish to purchase at wholesale. Those in paper can be sent by mail, price 20 cts., Moxon 25 cts., per copy. I. TRESCOTT, Co.

Also, at D. Anderson's Baptist Book Store, 24 West 4th St., Cincinnati.

August 10, 1850.

Western Farmers' Insurance Company.  
OF NEW LISBON, OHIO.

This Company was organized, and commenced issuing Policies the first of May, 1850. And, although it has been in operation but about eight months, we are able to report as follows:

Whole number of Policies issued,	2,000
" amt of property insured,	\$1,616,100
" amount of Premium Notes,	\$4,179
" " of Cash Premiums,	6,891
" " of losses,	750
Balance of Cash Premiums above losses,	5,131

From the above it will be seen that we already number more members than most of the Mutual Insurance Companies that have been in operation for the last ten years, and have more Cash on hand than any other Company in the State on so small an amount of risk. The astonishing success with which this Company has met is good evidence that it is one of the best institutions in the country; and it is believed that it stands unrivalled for liberality and fair dealing.

## DIRECTORS:

NOAH FREDERICK, ARTHUR BUEBICK,  
ALEXANDER PATTERSON, EDWARD POWERS,  
JOSEPH ORR.

## OFFICERS:

N. FREDERICK, Pres't. J. M. GILMAN, Vice Pres't.  
J. McCLEMONDS, Treasurer. LEVI MARTIN, Sec'y.  
Wm. J. BRIGHT, General Agent.

## WRITING SCHOOL.

WILL REMAIN in Salem three weeks longer for the purpose of giving his friends still further opportunity of improving their penmanship. The utility and importance of the "Beautiful Art," is universally acknowledged. No young man is fitted for all business purposes without possessing a good current Hand Writing. A legible and rapid cursive Handwriting is much to be desired by the business man. In a lady's Education, a neat and fluent style of writing is an accomplishment equally desirable. Feeling grateful for the very liberal patronage thus far received, I hope to meet a goodly number of my young friends at the Writing Rooms, in Mr. McClain's Academy, on Thursday Evening of the present week, January 30th, 1851, at half past 6 o'clock. Married people, and all who wish to improve their writing, and secure the Spencerian System, are invited to attend our course of instruction.

Tuition for the Term, \$1.50.  
I will not receive a large class the coming term, and those attending will receive due aid and assistance. My classes for three weeks past have been the largest ever taught in this Village, numbering in all 127 pupils, and a more agreeable and good humored set of young people cannot be found. Satisfaction warranted to the attentive.  
February 1st, 1851.

## HEAD QUARTERS.

SALEM SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING SALOON.  
AARON DAVY, can at all times be found at his Saloon, over Thomas & Greiner's Store, where he is prepared for "smooth and easy shaving," shampooing, and hair dressing in the latest and most fashionable styles. (doc. 21)

## SALEM BOOKSTORE!!

BARNABY & WHINERY Dealers in Books, Stationery, &c., North side of Main st., Salem, O. A general assortment of Literary, Scientific, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Books and school books, kept constantly on hand. Prices reasonable. Terms, CASH.  
Salem, Ohio, 1849.

## JAMES BARNABY

Merchant Tailor, and Dealer in Cloths!

Is just receiving, at his store, North side Main street, Salem, Ohio, a new and elegant assortment of Cloths, Casimers, Vestings, &c., which he is prepared to make up to order, or sell by the yard or pattern, as required. Those wishing to furnish themselves with Dress, or Sack Coats, Over-Coats, Pantaloons, or Waistcoats, will please call, look at his Goods, and if convinced it will be to their interest to do so, leave their measures; and in from one to six days, the clothes shall be ready, and the fit, quality, durability and Cheapness, warranted equal to the very best to be had here or elsewhere, and superior to any that are not the best.

The TAILORING BUSINESS Carried on as heretofore.  
Oct. 26th, 1850.

TO TEACHERS AND OTHERS  
Pelton's Large Outline Maps.

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J. W. WALKER, would announce to his friends, and the public generally, that he is prepared to execute all work in the above profession, that may be intrusted to him.  
New Lyme, Aug. 17th, 1850.

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MERCHANTS, Pedlars and others can obtain a good supply of a very superior quality of SEWING SILK, of all degrees and colors, either in packages or 100 Skein Bunches by calling at the SALEM BOOKSTORE, Salem, Ohio. Also PATENT THREAD, Warranted as good and as cheap as the country can produce. We are in the constant receipt of these articles, and for cash will sell them as above stated at the very lowest rates possible.  
BARNABY & WHINERY.  
June 1, 1850.

## WM. J. BRIGHT,

Attorney at Law, Hartford, Trombull Co., O. Prompt attention will be given to collections in Trombull and adjoining counties.  
Nov. 22, '50.



## Miscellaneous.

## A Thimble-Full of Romance.

The tailor's wife had stitched since five in the morning. It was now noon—the day after Christmas-day, and there really was something for dinner. The tailor was from home—the children were out, but it was close upon twelve o'clock, and in a trice they would be back, eager and hungry for their meal. Mrs. Atkins put down her work—a very handsome waistcoat of sky-blue satin, sprinkled with stars and bordered, it might be, with the zodiac, (the border was so strangely beautiful)—clapt her thimble on the mantel-piece, and hurried to the cupboard. At all events, there was a dinner to-day; and something seemed to promise to the tailor's wife a brighter time, and a fuller table for the time to come.

Atkins had gone to make inquiry about a ship that was to sail for the other side of the world; and though he had not at that time a single piece of Queen Victoria's minted gold to purchase a passage for himself and family, he nevertheless would learn all the particulars of cost and necessary preparation. It was a whim, he knew; for all that, it was a whim that controlled him beyond his powers of self-argument, and he tried to exercise them.

And all alone, Mrs. Atkins spread the table. There was a piece of beef left, and a small piece of plum-pudding, and still the pudding remained small, although Mrs. Atkins turned the plate that contained it round and round half-a-dozen times, and took half-a-dozen side-looks at it, as though endeavoring to behold it in the most improved light. But pudding is not to be thus magnified.

The table laid, Mrs. Atkins thought she would execute a few more stitches, filling up the time until Atkins and the children came. As Mrs. Atkins approached the mantel-piece, extending her fingers towards the thimble, the thimble—of its own motion—fell over upon its side, with one distinct, prolonged sound, as from a silver bell; Mrs. Atkins's thimble, by the way, being of no such precious metal, but of working-day brass. Mrs. Atkins drew back her fingers from the thimble as from a nettle, when the thimble—self-moved—rolled off the mantel-piece and fell upon the hearth. And then, to the astonishment and terror of Mrs. Atkins, who, strange to say, could not at that moment scream, though in no former accident had she failed, when otherwise determined—then, from the thimble began to pour forth, in small, quick puffs, smoke of silvery clearness. Mrs. Atkins dropped in her chair, and sat with her eyes upon the thimble, still puffing a shining vapor—puffing and puffing until, in a few minutes the room was filled with a cloud, and every object enveloped in it, save the small brass thimble that glittered like a speck upon the hearth. In the midst of her terror, Mrs. Atkins thought of her little bit of beef and fragmentary pudding—but they were lost to her sight, muffled up in one white cloud that possessed the apartment.

After some minutes, the cloud cleared away, slowly rolling itself up in the chimney, and Mrs. Atkins's brass thimble lay, like any other two-penny implement upon the hearth. The same well-worn thimble—the same familiar common-place tool for many a day had armed her seamstress finger.

"How do you do, Mrs. Atkins?" said a voice from the mantel-piece.

Mrs. Atkins jumped round with the shortest of jumps. She looked and saw a gentleman—

Well, he was the strangest of gentlemen, and he was in the strangest position! But we will tell every little we know about him.

Measured by tailors' measure, the gentleman's stature might have been about six inches. A gentleman with a very clean and lofty look; his hair an iron grey; with a few wisdom scratches made with an iron pen—the sort of pen made out of Time's old eyes—about the corner of his eyes, that had a ceiling-ward look; a look, moreover, of self-assertion. He was very soberly dressed in black—very soberly; and then his white neckerchief was white and pure as a snow-wreath.

Mrs. Atkins thought she recognized in the miniature man a well-known face; one of those countenances that, like a royal seal upon a shilling, is the property of everybody who can possess it. She had seen a picture of The Poor Man's Friend, and—no, it could not be he; it was impossible—nevertheless, the face of the manikin was wondrously like that flesh-and-blood goodness.

And the little gentleman, though somewhat unreasonably, sat among a sprig of Christmas-holly that was upon the mantel-piece; and, with his best pinks, looked secure amid his lover's spikes.

"Hedn't you better take a chair, sir, or this stool?" said Mrs. Atkins, as she passed her apron over a three-legged piece of deal, "you'll be more comfortable, sir."

"Thank you," said the little man; his face puckered as he spoke, and shifting uneasily, "thank you, but people condemned to live in thimbles are not allowed to be comfortable."

"Poor creatures!" cried Mrs. Atkins, "it must be a trait lodging, goodness knows—I never heard of such a thing."

"Benighted, darkened being!" cried the little man in black; "miserable, forlorn person!" he continued, as though from a platform; did you never hear of Solomon's brazen kettles?"

"Never, sir," said the tailor's wife, with great humility.

"Know, then, that Solomon has at this moment a thousand brazen kettles at the bottom of the sea; and in every kettle is a prisoner, confined for no good he has done, depend upon it, to hear the sea man and roar, and answer it with his groans. And as in brazen kettles, so"—and the little man sighed heavily—"so in brass thimbles."

"I don't understand a word of it," said Mrs. Atkins; and with a resolute hand, she took up her thimble, and turned it over and over, and almost unconsciously brought the thimble to her nose. But it did not smell of sulphur—the thimble was the like thimble it was before.

"For ten years have I lived in that thimble. Ten years," cried the little man—and Mrs. Atkins started now at her visitor, and now took another look at the thimble; and then she courageously thrust her thimble finger into the familiar brass, and nodded at

the little man among the holly, as much as to say—

"Now you are well got rid of, I'll take care you shan't get in again."

The little man seemed to understand the threat of the look, for he said, with a languid smile—

"It's no matter, now; my ten years are up—my time's out to-day. All I have now to do is to confess my past sins and the sufferings they purchased me, and then I pass to peace. I've paid the penalty of my selfishness, and my unquiet ghost will cease to haunt your brazen thimble."

"A ghost!" cried Mrs. Atkins. "Well, I never thought I could be so bold to a ghost. But then, to be sure, you're such a very little one. What was your name?"

"Never mind," said the small man. "I was called the Poor Man's Friend. And I can tell you, Mrs. Atkins, that I have paid pretty sharply for the vanity and vexation of the title."

"That is, I suppose," answered the spirited little woman, "you wasn't his friend at all? Only the name, like?"

"Listen to my story," said the little gentleman, again shifting himself among the holly leaves. "I was, when I was alive and enjoying my proper stature, I was a man of exceeding wealth. Rich indeed was I, and as everybody thought—and at last I got myself to think so too—very good, very benevolent, very pious. Indeed, I had the habit of talking so much about the duties of the rich to the poor that, for the life of me, I never could find sufficient time to perform them. Nevertheless, I could not forbear to talk—it was so pleasant, so easy, too; and with no other effort, it made me a name that smelt among my particular friends like a nice ointment."

"The more shame for you," said Mrs. Atkins. "To get to a good name, and live upon it and do nothing for it; why it's worse than coming—yes, passing bad money is nothing to it."

"Very true, Mrs. Atkins," answered the untruffled manikin. "Very true. Yet there's a deal of brassy character passed for good. And it may sound right enough upon the world's counter, but it won't do, Mrs. Atkins, when the angels come to ring it. It won't do, ma'am."

"I should say not," replied the tailor's wife, with womanly decision.

"And so I found. It is now, madam, ten years ago since I died. If you doubt me, take your way to the cemetery. There, madam, you will see my monument. There is no mistaking it—his such a handsome thing, with work enough in it to have kept the sculptor and his family for a twelve-month. I am there, ma'am, in *alto relievé* in four compartments; and in all four my likeness by lamenting friends is considered very perfect. In one place I am giving away quarter leaves—in another I have taken off my own coat, and am serenely offering the garment to a beggar—and the third—"

"I recollect. Good as a picture to look at—I saw it with Tom and the children one Sunday. Then we could get a walk on a Sunday; and now it's no walk, but forever stich. La, bless me! and that's you in that monument! Well, I never!" ejaculated Mrs. Atkins. "And now I recollect what a lot of fine stuff there's writ about you."

"Don't name it, ma'am," said the little man, hastily, "even as I am, my cheek tingles to think of it. And then I reflect—"

"Never mind reflections," cried the tailor's wife, with decreasing deference towards her visitor, "but come to the story at once. How did you get in my thimble?"

"That was my sentence—that was my dreadful punishment," cried the little man. "Punishment!" echoed Mrs. Atkins. "Well, to be sure, little as you are, it must have cramped you terribly. And what's so very dull, I never felt you."

"But I felt you—every stitch," said the manikin, and he seemed to wince at the recollection. "However, to finish my story. You must know that, although I talked to the last day of my life about the duties of the rich, and the rights of the poor—although now and then, for the look of the thing, my name sparkled in a guinea subscription for a Home for the Houseless, or some such public benevolence, I would buy—buy where I might—would buy cheap. Every shilling saved I considered as a new victory over the surplussage of trade. It was not for me to inquire about wages—it was no part of my economy to be assured that the journeyman could get his shoulder of mutton and potatoes."

"Shoulder of mutton and potatoes!" exclaimed Mrs. Atkins, as though she spoke of culinary marvels of Mahomet's Paradise. "Well, to be sure, we had a bit of beef yesterday, but before then—"

"I cared not if you, and such as you lived upon bran and water, if cheapness were in the stitches of my coat—if my heart, my philanthropic heart, beat beneath a waistcoat that, for economy of cost, defied competition."

"More shame for you," said the tailor's wife. "Talking of waistcoats, what do you think I get for that blue thing there?"

"Starvation!" answered the manikin. "For I see, fine as it is—oh, I know the sort of thing now—I see it is one of the glories of prime cost that defy competition. A pretty breastplate of defiance," said the little man, "and well as such defiance punishes."

"How punished?" asked Mrs. Atkins. "That it—that's the marrow of my story. That is the why and the wherefore for I am here. At this moment—now, woman, attend to me, for what I have to say is worth the hearing—at this moment—there are the ghosts of not less than ten thousand men and women—excellent persons when alive; the very pink of goodness, with delicate white satin feelings, as one may say—ten thousand spirits condemned for a certain time to be imprisoned in thimbles."

"In thimbles!" exclaimed the tailor's wife.

"In thimbles," repeated the miniature of the departed Poor Man's Friend. "And their prison is far worse than the brazen dungeon in which Solomon shuts up his geni; for they, at least, are not mocked with an open cell—with a promise of liberty never, until the appointed time be come, to be obtained. Now the victims of the thimble may not budge. They have employed the cheapest thimble when alive, and the cheapest thimble is for a time their punishment when dead. My time is up, and my wounds are healing—but how, for these ten long years—"

"That's just about the time—not quite—Tom and I have worked for—"

"For my tailor that was," said the manikin. "How, for the time have you tortured me?"

"I—I couldn't do it," cried Mrs. Atkins, sharply.

"You couldn't help it—'twas your duty and my fate. Thus for every stitch you took, I felt your needle-head go clean into my flesh. And my sense of feeling was sharpened into spiritual suffering. For fourteen hours a day have I felt—incessantly felt—the punctures of the tormenting steel. Hundreds of thousands of little daggers piercing me through and through, and with every stitch a jerk that seemed to snatch at every nerve."

"Mercy on us!" cried the tailor's wife. "Ay, mercy on us," said the little man. "But we ask mercy in vain, who have had no mercy on others. Live and let starve was my inner creed; it's a wicked religion, Mrs. Atkins, and carries its after-punishment. And depend upon it, they who, with-out care for the comforts, the necessities of the workers, will have only the cheapest work, big as their names may sound, and large as their presence in the world may be—their souls dwell in a thimble."

And here the little man vanished, and the Dutch clock struck twelve, and Atkins, with a brightened face, with a child in either hand, and two following, came home to dinner. Now, whether Mrs. Atkins did or did not tell to her husband her interview with the manikin, is not here, or elsewhere, the business of

RED RIDING HOOD.

## True Religion.

Those who decide the name of God are the most unhappy of men, except those who make a trade of honoring Him.—JOHN STERLING.

When True Religion wears her coronet, She does not vault it before her eyes, She does not walk the earth in holy guise, And no exclusive seal is on her set, She does not shun the arts, nor spurn the graces, And has a horror of the drawn down faces.

She does not ask for money, meting out Her service, thus much is a dollar's worth; Her recompense is not the gold of earth, Enlarging, by her gain, the skeptic's doubt; And, if the last year's stipend were unpaid, A shiner should not damn for lack of aid.

I have known something—I have known too much Of mere professing teachers, to believe That all is godliness that men receive, Unable to discriminate as such, I have known men, who failed in other ways, Keep house and carriage upon prayer and praise.

And I know something also of the good, True Christian pastor, who himself has given Sincerely, unreservedly to Heaven, He does not advertise the angel's food; Nor in religious journals ask for aid.

O, Maker, Father, from Thy flock expel The wolves who have got access to the fold, Whose love of Thee is only love of gold, As all their actions very clearly told; They only look for DOLLARS while they preach, And cry 'Give, give,' like daughters of the leech.

The World is growing better. The condition and moral aspects of the world, as the great theatre of action, developing the character and conduct of men is a theme of abiding interest. In the October number of the Biblical Repository, Rev. Mr. Barnes closed a very able article in the following language:

"Our last thought is that the world is growing better than it was. It is better than it was in the time when Greece and Rome flourished; than it was in the times of the Christian fathers, than it was when Councils were held at Carthage, at Nice, at Clermont; than it was in the times of Elizabeth or James; than it was in the days of the Pilgrims; than it was a quarter of a century ago. There are those who do not believe this; and there is a class of orators and writers, usually old men, who are always endeavoring to prove that things are growing worse. This kind of argument and gloomy foreboding we always expect to find among those who are too indolent to keep up with the march of the world; among those who are covetous of a waning spiritual power; among those who by neglecting to improve themselves have lost their influence, and see others gaining the ascension and often among those who have advanced far in the journey of life. The belief that the world is growing worse, is frequently among the first indications of approaching age and is one of the saddest of that condition of life that they who are becoming old see around them only evidence of deterioration and decay, and that their minds are embittered by contrasting those evidences of decay with the brighter things when they were young. We would have every man adopt it as a settled truth, to be adhered to all along his journey of life; that all times of change, in disappointment and sorrow; when the sun shines, and when clouds come over the sky, when in the heyday of youth, the soberness of middle life, when the shades begin to lengthen, near the end of his career and he looks back upon it in Church or State, that the world is growing better—our own country making advances—that the church is increasing in numbers and that there is a sure and steady progress toward the triumph of Christianity, and of civil and religious liberty."

Oh, Crime! thou may'st escape the laws of Earth; May'st trample on the hearts of Love and Worth; Imbue thy hideous hands in human blood Remorselessly, as in the limpid flood; The priceless mines of Ophir may'st unfold And clothe thy gaily form in glowing gold—The brightest gem from coral caves upreared—But Heaven's avenging hand will seek thee out at last!"

A chaplain was once preaching to a class of collegians about the formation of habits. Gentleman, said he, "close your ears against bad discourses." The scholars immediately clapped their hands to their ears.

"How," said Mr. Munsell to Mr. Yates, "do you accomplish so much in so short a time? Have you any particular place?" I have. When I have any particular thing to do, I go and do it."

There is a negro living near Palestine, has buried seven wives, and now, at the age of more than ninety years, is courting for the eighth wife.

## From The Tribune.

## Myself.

Well, once I was a little girl, A-dwelling far away; My mother made the butter, And my father made the hay.

And I—I wandered, out of school, Amid the woodlands wild, And scorned the teacher's measured rule—A harum scarum child.

Of thorny lane, and meadow fair, My track bore token still; The wind would catch my yellow hair, And braid it at its will.

The sun was busy with my face— And still it shows it some; And, on my neck, I know how high My dresses used to come.

And I was smart, and all the springs On all the hills could show; And, if there were some grammar things I didn't care to know.

I always knew how many boughs The latest tempest broke; And just how far the woodpecker Had girdled round the oak.

I knew the tree where slept the crows; And, on the water's brim, I climbed among the henlock boughs, To watch the fishes swim.

I knew, beside the swollen rill, What flowers to bloom would burst; And where, upon the south-sloped hill, The berries ripened first.

Each violet felt, each cowslip green, Each daisy on the lea, I counted one by one—for they Were kith and kin to me.

I knew the moles that dared to claim The vanished beavers' lake; And sat on mossy logs to watch The squirrels crack their nuts:

And they winked slyly at me, too, But never held away, For in their little hearts they knew That I was wild as they.

And always in the Winter, too, Before the breakfast time, I wandered o'er the crusted snow, To hear the water's chime;

To see how thick the ice had grown, And where the hasty spurs Its jewels o'er the shrubs had thrown In such a curious way;

And in the little cavern, where The waters trickled through, The shape of every icicle That gemmed its sides I knew;

For there were hermits' huts, and towers, And cities grand and gay, And Alpine peaks and tropic flowers, And fairer things than they;

For oft the sun came gliding through The chimneys some ice lanes spanned, And decked in many a rainbow hue Those scenes of fairy land.

And now, when to my roving brain There starts some fancy, shined In tint more bright than earth can claim, That cavern comes to mind.

When Winter to the Spring-time wore, Through slumps and sloughs I strayed, To list the splashing and the roar The mountain torrents made.

Oh! that was glacial; and oft I turned In rapture from the shore, And said (I know not where I learned) The lines about "Lodore."

There was a well filled garret, where I hid on stormy days, And built bright castles in the air, And conned most ancient lays;

And through the snares that Scott had set, For fancy roamed with joy, Or, from some old and worn gazette, I hacked the rhymes of "Roy."

In mouseholes rare I hid with care Those relics of the Muse, And wondered who the Poets were That scribbled for the News.

But when once more the skies were fair, And I the woods could win, (there For books and rhymes that charmed me I did not care a pin.

My mother saw my garments soiled, And thought it lucky right; But when I wished to go again, My father said I might.

And now I am a woman grown, And strive to keep my hair Beneath the guidance of my comb, And bind my dress with care.

Through slumps and drifts I do not roam, Nor climb the henlock trees, Nor hide mid cobwebbed trunks at home—For fear 'twill raise a breeze.

I tread the world's unchanging maze, Through all Life's fettered snare, And seek to be in all my ways As "proper" as I can.

I never liked the ways of men, Or wished more old to grow, For life was wondrous curious then, And isn't curious now.

I know not how it seemed to me, Or what my father thought, But mother said I'd never be A woman, as I ought.

I know 'tis hard such children wild In polished rules to train; And, if I were once more a child, I'd—do just so again.

—H. E. G. AREY.

"THE BLUE LAWS OF CONNECTICUT," technically and familiarly so called, are a supposititious code, in which the rigidity and severity of puritan legislation, of which De Tocqueville gives a specimen, are caricatured, very much in the mode that Washington Irving takes off the Dutch in his "History of Knickerbocker." They were written about the period of the Revolution, and by a person who espoused the Tory side of politics, in that day.

When a man starts for California he calls it El Dorado; when he comes back he calls it Hell Dorado.

## New Daily Paper in Boston.

A LARGE number of earnest Friends of Freedom, dissatisfied with the present condition of the Party Press, and desirous of having an organ which shall set forth, temperately but fearlessly, their sentiments and principles, have come forward and contributed, each one his mite, to a Fund for that purpose.

That Fund has been placed in the hands of Trustees who will publish in the City of Boston, on the First Day of January, 1851, a new Daily Paper, to be called

## THE COMMONWEALTH,

and continue to publish the same EVERY MORNING, except Sunday.

It will set forth the principles of the FREE SOIL PARTY; but it will be truly A FREE PAPER, and not the bondswoman of any cause, or party, except that of Freedom, Truth, and Humanity.

THE POLE STAR toward which it will ever point will be THE RIGHT; but the right of ALL.

It will recognize the obligation of Law, the necessity of Order, and the duty of Peace and Good Will to men.

No pains or expense will be spared to render it a Good Daily Paper: a Commercial, Political, and Literary Paper, worthy the men who create it, and the sentiments which it will represent.

The names of the Editors will be announced hereafter.

The Price of the Daily will be Five Dollars—of the Weekly, Two Dollars—always in advance.

Subscriptions and applications for Advertisements received for the present at No. 5 Water street. Further particulars hereafter.

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## WILLIAM JACKSON,

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## OFFER EXTRAORDINARY!

The high position which SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE has assumed in regard to its literary character, has, we believe, never been questioned. No American, and no European magazine has ever arrayed in its support a more accomplished corps of contributors. Minds of the highest order have, from the first, been employed to write for it. With a view, however, to draw forth, for the use of their readers, articles of still greater value, the proprietors have determined, in addition to the present ordinary literary contributions, to offer the sum of

## ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS

FOR TEN PAGES ARTICLES: To be published monthly till the series is completed. This offer is entirely different from the usual schemes bearing the same name. These schemes generally propose an apparently high price for a few stories, without putting any limit upon the length, and claiming as gratuitous all that do not gain a prize. They often, under the appearance of liberality, are only lotteries to secure a large amount of matter at a small price.

Thus, also, their proprietors fill out their periodicals from month to month with stories of interminable length, the author who will offer the longest story, being pretty sure to gain the prize. In our plan, on the contrary, the writers are limited as to space, no article being accepted which exceeds a very moderate length. We want the BEST articles, not the longest. Moreover, all the pieces which do not gain a prize are to be returned to the authors, unless otherwise negotiated for. In other words, the publishers offer to pay for each of these special articles the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

Their object is to secure, besides their usual variety and excellence of matter, a series of monthly articles entirely superior to anything heretofore published in the magazines. They have determined to place their magazine, in respect to its literary character, beyond the reach of competition.

The pieces offered in competition must be presented by the first of April, 1851.—They may be tales, essays, or articles of a miscellaneous character, according to the taste or judgment of the writers, but must be on subjects of general interest, must be of a character suited to interest the great mass of readers, must contain something striking and likely to arrest attention, and must, moreover, be of moderate length,—say about six or eight magazine pages.

In selecting from the articles offered, the proprietors will be governed by the decision of a committee of competent and disinterested judges, whose names will be announced in the March number of the Magazine.—The publication of the series will be commenced immediately after the decision of the committee, and each article will be paid for the month upon which it is published.

All contributions intended as prize articles must be marked accordingly, with the name of the author in a sealed envelope, (which will not be opened till the award is determined,) and must be addressed, post paid, to

## JOHN SARTAIN &amp; Co.

## Philadelphia.

A Mill Property and Farm for Sale. THE subscriber living in Mahoning Township, Lawrence Co., Pa., near the Mahoning and on the state line, offers for sale the following property: A GRIST MILL, 31-2 stories high with two runs of stones in good repair, a SAW MILL, also in good condition, and about 90 Acres of Land, with house, barn, orchard, &c. The mills can be had with a small quantity of land separate if wished. Any person wishing to purchase such a property can know the terms by applying to the subscriber residing on the premises.

## AMY SHARPLES.

8th mo., 14th, 1850.

## JOHN C. WHINERY,

SURGEON DENTIST:—Office over the Book Store.—All operations in Dentistry performed in the best manner, and all work warranted elegant and durable. Charges reasonable. Salem, Sept. 8th, 1849.

## Saddle for Sale.

FOR Sale, very cheap, a SADDLE, almost new. English tree. Will be sold in exchange for produce. Inquire of Oliver Johnson, Howell House.

I. TRESGOTT & Co.—Salem, Ohio, WHOLESALE Dealers in School, Miscellaneous and Moral Reform Books; Paper, Ink, and Stationery; Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oils, and Dyestuffs; Dr. Townsend's Celebrated Sarsaparilla; Palmerstock's, McLane's and Seller's Vermifuge and Pills; and all the Popular Medicines of the Day.—ALSO,

BOOTS & SHOES and Shoe Findings; Dry Goods and Groceries, &c. &c. [Aug. 9, '50.]

## NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

## DAILY, WEEKLY, &amp; SEMI-WEEKLY

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE solicits the patronage of the Business and Reading Public on the following grounds:—

1. It gives more reading matter per week in proportion to its cost than any other paper (The London Times) gives at any price.

2. It has a wider circle of Correspondents in Europe, Asia, California, Oregon, Canada, &c., as well as our own Atlantic States, than any other paper.

3. While its Telegraphic, Congressional, Foreign, California, and General News, unsurpassed; its usual extent of news, and liberal space to discussions of the events and accounts of the progress of the great Moral, Social, and Philanthropic movements of the day. No other journal in America considers so fully and so hopefully the exigencies of our time—looking to the extinction of Pauperism, and the Elevation of Labor.

4. Its commercial department is especially complete and lucid. It has been steadily under the charge of one person (Geo. M. Brown) ever since the paper was started, and will continue to be conducted by him, with all the efficiency which Experience can give to Industry. No other paper in the world gives so regular and full accounts of the country's progress in Railroads and all the means of intercommunication as The Tribune, while its Markets, Foreign and Domestic, are full and accurate.

In Politics, The Tribune inclines to the Whig party, regarding it as the party of Peace, of Moderation, of Industrial Progress, and of scrupulous respect for the Rights of other countries and nations. The systematic encouragement and protection of labor, the prosecution of Internal Improvement, whether through the efforts of the Federal Government, of the several States, or of associated individuals, and the promotion of Temperance, Morality, Industry, Social Justice, and Plenty, it recognizes as among the primary aims of Political and Social exertion. But while The Tribune accords generally with the Whig party, it is the slave of no party whatever. It fearlessly assumes its opinions, whether popular or unpopular, accepted or rejected by any party, and is interested in political action only as that action is conducive to Human Well-being. The noble and beneficent idea of securing to every family an un